UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to send lists of trial names. We offer liberal premiums for any number of trial subscriptions from one up; particulars sent on application.

Editorial.

AN autograph letter of Abraham Lincoln to a friend is said to contain the following: "Do not worry. Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your wife. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of biliousness. Exercise. Go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."

IN an editorial from the Boston *Herald* of Sunday, August 23, the writer speaks thus of Lowell: "In this age of pin-head concentration in science, literature and philosophy, it is a genuine boon from heaven to have a few specimens to look at of what may be called 'all round' men. . . . Now and then we long to catch sight of a full man, a fine suggestion of how royal it must feel to be alive all over; to share the delights of recluse student and open-air man of action, of lyrical rapture and every-day practical mother wit, of reading Plato and keeping a dinner table on the roar, of dreaming with Spenser and keenly penetrating the McKinley bill. . . . . James Russell Lowell reached the heart and won the admiration of such myriads of his countrymen simply because he was what he was, a man of such abounding vitality of soul in so many directions that he met every man just where he lived. Impressionable to the highest degree on all sides of his mobile nature, nothing that concerned humanity, nothing that was in the air, failed to stir and rouse him."

THE *Congregationalist* regrets that the "higher criticism" has been the object of so much and so sharp attack in the meetings at Northfield, Mass., the past summer. It does not seem at all satisfied with such championship as the conservative side has received there. "With all due deference to their zeal and consecration it may be doubted whether evangelists whose educational advantages have been necessarily limited, or foreign missionaries home for a brief furlough, or reformed men, or even the Presbyterian doctor of divinity, who affirmed that it was his mission to go up and down the land, crying, 'the higher criticism is as grass,' are the most competent persons to decide the critical questions which are now at the front in the field of biblical scholarship."

A WRITER on "Darwinism" in the *Methodist Recorder*, has at least the courage of his opinions. The Darwinian hypothesis, he declares, has quite failed to account for the existence of man, and geology is a science of poor pretense, from the fact that it has discovered no trace of transitional forms among the fossil remains with which it so largely deals. We are told that there is internal evidence enough in the nature and history of man to show that the Bible was correct "in placing human origin in a separate department of divine creation"; that man's inventive genius alone separates him immeasurably from all other created existences, that he alone has self-consciousness, power to reason, the instinct of worship, etc. The writer closes with the strange and amusing statement that "the attempts to make converts to Darwinism do not reveal a knowledge of science but merely a hatred of Christianity." It is worth while occasionally to notice utterances of this kind, if for no other reason than to diminish the too rapidly growing pride and confidence in the growth of rational ideas, and to show how a base and ignorant misunderstanding still pass in some quarters for argument.

IT is with great pleasure that we welcome back to his post at the headquarters our yoke-fellow John R. Effinger; and announce to his many friends, and the waiting field, that the summer has dealt more kindly with him than his most hopeful friends had dared to hope. He looks better than before, and is heavier than he has been for years. His physician pronounces him ready for work, with such precautions as befit the rational mind always. Mr. Effinger enters at once upon the duties of the central office. How important and necessary these duties are his enforced absence has made clear to those who were near enough to note the results of his absence. The field work—that might cause unwise exposure, and the possibilities of which have always exceeded the capacity of one man, has been wisely provided for by the board, as will be seen from the published proceedings in another column. With the directing hand and superintending eye of the general at headquarters, and willing and obedient lieutenants in each state ready to perfect and execute plans, we may expect a vigorous and aggressive campaign from the Western Conference brigade.

MISS CAROLINE J. BARTLETT, from whom we have published two letters concerning the scenes and events of her visit to England, spent some time when in London in the study of the Salvation Army and its work at the East End, which she says seems to her "the biggest and best thing in London." She adds: "I am not in love with its brass bands, out of tune, nor with its theology which is too consistent with the motto, "Blood and Fire." However, the brass bands are music in the ears of those for whose edification they play, and their theology isn't in essence the least different from that of the current creeds. The only difference is that the Salvationists seem to really believe what they say they believe, and that they call a spade a spade. But for their spirit and their work I love and honor them, and they *are* saviours unto many, as *they* believe by *virtue* of their doctrine; as *I* believe, in *spite* of it!"

MARGARET J. PRESTON in the *Independent* gives an account of the origin of Jean Ingelow's two most popular poems, "High Tide at Linconshire," and "Divided." Miss Ingelow dwelt, during childhood, near the river mentioned in the first poem. Returning to these early scenes later in life "the beauty and pathos of the plains took hold of me. I thought of them after my return home, and wrote the poem in my London bedroom. The well-remembered sound, as of swarms of bells, appeared to beat time in it." The origin of "Divided" is found in the simple circumstance of her discovery of a little brook near a place in the country she and her family were occupying for a few weeks. The stream was "too wide to be crossed . . . but in imagination I followed it up to its source. . . . It was a symbol of those events in human life which naturally and inevitably divide." Everyone who has ever tried even a 'prentice hand at verse must appreciate Miss Ingelow's description of the art processes. "A poem is always something which starts up before the mental vision suddenly; and invariably there comes with it a snatch of its own peculiar music and cadence. It wants translating into words; but in a sense it is finished before it is begun."

THE *Christian Union* in its new dress has come to be the most sumptuous of all our exchanges and almost princely in its garb, with its elegant paper, fine type, handsome margin and a fresh face on the title page each week. The matter is worthy the dress. The current number contains much good reading, the most attractive article being, we think, the one by Dr. Albert Shaw on "The Men of the Northwest." The paper still maintains the enigmatical position in theology which represents the present mental attitude of a large class of interested and interesting people; those who have largely accepted the methods of the new thought, but still try to apply them to the oldtime conclusions; who believe in a universe of law with a chink of miracle in it,—Jesus Christ. A characteristic utterance in this line is one in the issue of September 19th on the "Eternal Presence," in which the writer pronounces on the invalidity of that sense of the divine that comes to one independent of, or even antagonistic to the sense of the divine in Jesus Christ; or, in other words, if we understand it, he insists that the Christly consciousness is a necessary part of the true God consciousness. Instead of saying this, are we not forced to come to the point of saying it is not the form of religious thought that makes it religious, but the spirit in which it is held. Whatever touches life with seriousness, brings strength to do one's duty and peace in the face of trial, we would call this religion, though it may be now, as it has been in the past, a form of thought that wears the name of Buddhism, Mohammedanism; the sustaining faith of Socrates and his associates, or the scientist's zeal for truth and investigation. Whatever form of faith appeals to a man's best, that, to him, is religion.

"Not Things but Men."

The above is the motto adopted by the "World's Congress Auxiliary of the Columbian Exposition." The plans and activities of this thoroughly organized movement are less dramatic, expensive, and consequently less conspicuous than those of the parent organization. But they can scarcely be enhanced in educational, philosophical and humanitarian interest to the thoughtful.

It is proposed to summon in convention and council the thinkers and workers in all the various fields of thought at different times during the World's Fair; so that the commodities of mind may be exhibited, and the intellectual, moral and religious wealth of the race be estimated and enhanced. Preliminary addresses, carefully prepared by diligent committees are being sent out on the various lines indicated. The one on "Religious Congresses" is before us and is so much in the line of UNITY'S hope and work, and is itself such an admirable "Unity Short Tract" that we print it entire below.

The present writer, who has been permitted to take part in the deliberations of the General Committee, is glad to bear testimony to the vigilance which the representatives of all the denominations have exercised against the intrusion of the spirit of dogmatism, no partiality or invidious comparison has been permitted to creep in to mar this great object-lesson in free religion. An exposition of the outcome of all faiths, we trust the Unitarians of America will be among the first to co-operate with this splendid scheme to further the spirit of religious unity; and that, in addition to the General Congress, the National Unitarian Conference for 1893 will convert itself into an *International* Unitarian Conference, accept this invitation of the Columbian Exposition, and hold its session in Chicago in rooms provided for it by the Directory of the Fair:

The Columbian Exposition of 1893, besides a comprehensive and brilliant display of the

achievements of men in material progress, is to be made still more notable by conventions of the leaders of human thought. The auxiliary having charge of these congresses is an organization which has received Congressional recognition and approval, and is authorized and supported by the world's fair authorities, who earnestly believe that these conventions will elevate the character and increase the utility of the Exposition. Audience rooms, sufficient in number and capacity for every kind of assembly, will be provided by the directory of the fair.

Since the world's fair stands for the world's progress in civilization, it is important that the creative and regulative power of religion, as a prime factor and force in human development, should receive due prominence. The committee having charge of the Religious Congresses seek the co-operation of the representatives of all faiths. Now that the nations are being brought into closer and friendlier relations with each other, the time is apparently ripe for new manifestations and development of religious fraternity. Humanity, though sundered by oceans and languages and widely differing forms of religion, is yet one in need, if not altogether in hope. The literatures and the results of the great historic faiths are more and more studied in the spirit which would employ only the agencies of light and love. It is not the purpose of these conventions to create the temper of indifferentism in regard to the important peculiarities distinguishing the religions of the world, but rather to bring together, in frank and friendly conference, the most eminent men of different faiths, strong in their personal convictions, who will strive to see and show what are the supreme truths, and what light religion has to throw on the great problems of our age. Ample provision will be made for special congresses of all churches, denominations or religious organizations, which may desire to avail themselves of the opportunities presented by this auxiliary. The central Religious Congress will, however, rest on a wider basis. We are confident that it may be made illustrious as a representative gathering of men united for the attainment of great moral ends.

Believing that God is, and that He has not left Himself without witness; believing that the influence of religion tends to advance the general welfare, and is the most vital force in the social order of every people; and convinced that of a truth God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him, we affectionately invite the representatives of all faiths to aid us in presenting to the world, at the Exposition of 1893, the religious harmonies and unities of humanity, and also in showing forth the moral and spiritual agencies which are at the root of human progress. It is proposed to consider the foundations of religious faith; to review the triumphs of religion in all ages; to set forth the present state of religion among the nations and its influence over literature, art, commerce, government, and the family life; to indicate its power in promoting temperance and social purity, and its harmony with true science; to show its dominance in the higher institutions of learning; to make prominent the value of the weekly rest-day on religious and other grounds; and to contribute to those forces which shall bring about the unity of the race in the worship of God and the service of Man. Let representatives from every part of the globe be interrogated and bidden to declare what they have to offer or suggest for the world's betterment; what light religion has to throw on the labor problems, the educational questions, and the perplexing social conditions of our time; and what illumination it can give to the subjects of vital interest that come before the other congresses of 1893. It is proposed to have these and similar themes discussed by great masters of human thought from many lands, and we invite suggestions and assurances of co-operation from those persons and religious bodies to whom this address is particularly sent.

From the many favorable responses already received from leading theologians, statesmen, jurists, historians, scientists, authors and scholars it is expected that the congresses of 1893 will mark an important epoch in the history of the human mind.

Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D., chairman (Presbyterian); Rev. Prof. David Swing, vice chairman, (Independent); Archbishop P. A. Feehan, (Catholic); Rt. Rev. Bishop William E. McLaren, D.D., D. C. L. (Protestant Episcopal); Rev. Dr. F. A. Noble, (Congregational); Rev. Dr. William M. Lawrence, (Baptist); Rev. Dr. F. M. Bristol (Methodist); Rabbi E. G. Hirsch (Jew); Rev. Dr. A. J. Canfield, (Universalist); Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones (Unitarian); Rt. Rev. Bishop C. E. Cheney, (Reformed Episcopal); Rev. M. C. Rauseen (Swedish Lutheran); Rev. John Z. Torgersen (Norwegian Lutheran); Rev. J. Berger (German Methodist); Mr. J. W. Plummer (Quaker); Rev. L. P. Mercer (Swedenborgian), the Secretary (*ex officio*). General Committee.

THE love of Christ and his apostles He taught: but first he followed it himself.—*Chaucer.*

The Broad-Churchman's Apologia.

Rev. Heber Newton has recently added to his published works a little volume that will be read with much interest and profit.* It is an *Apologia pro sua Vita* in retaining his place in the Episcopal Church while holding views at variance with many of its traditions. There are two men who are never troubled over the problem of their proper relation to the historic Church. One stays within because he can find nothing good without; the other goes without because he can find nothing good within. These two men are commonly called the Conservative and the Radical. In the higher senses of those terms, they are both neither conservative nor radical; the true conservative is the man who intelligently culls out the permanent from the transient in the legacy of the past, preserves the kernel and discards the shell. The true radical is the man who in the most thorough-going way applies the accepted principles of science to the entire circle of things. The principle which in modern thought has been the most helpful solvent in dealing with life's problems is the doctrine of evolution. Applying that doctrine to religious history, we see that here as elsewhere we have our roots in the past. Our thought and life possess an organic continuity with the thought and life of the past. And thus it becomes a serious question with the true radical, what attitude he shall take toward the church into which he has been born. To withdraw from it would seem to belie his philosophy; to assume what he denies, that there has been somewhere a decided break in his spiritual ancestry.

It is then quite easy to see why men like Dr. Newton should think it the true policy to remain in the ancient fold. But candor makes it necessary to add that the grounds on which he would justify this policy seem very strange. In a word, he maintains that so long as a person can be loyal to the Nicene and so-called Apostles' Creed he may properly retain his position as an Episcopal clergyman. In the first place, this ideal of loyalty seems inexplicable in a man of Mr. Newton's temper. No one has the moral right to be loyal to any statement of doctrine except what seems true to him to-day. If this loyalty to the inner light results in his assenting to the creed that has been bequeathed to him, then he may rightfully use that creed as the expression of his faith. But his allegiance is due not to that creed but to the present voice of God in his soul. In the second place, Mr. Newton preserves his loyalty to those two old creeds by using them as the Bible has been so much used,—reading into them the larger thought of to-day. That they contain the germs out of which much in this larger thought has been developed is an inevitable corollary from the doctrine of evolution. But there is no historical warrant for supposing that the framers of those creeds meant what Dr. Newton means, or intended them to be used as he is using them. In view of the Bible stories on which they were based, there can be no question that with the Fathers, "born of the virgin Mary" and "resurrection of the body" had a very literal significance. Those pretty myths of supernatural birth and triumph over death do indeed symbolize great truths. No fault can rightfully be found with our repeating those time-consecrated words if we frankly avow that in so doing we merely mean to recognize in them more or less clear foregleams of the coming day.

But if this is what we mean in our use of ancient creeds, why confine our "loyalty" to the Apostle's and Nicene? All the historic creeds are steps in the evolution of religious thought, and contain some germs of what we believe to be true to-day. Indeed one's resentment is a little stirred by Mr. Newton's almost contemptuous references to the Athanasian and the Thirty-nine Articles and the Westminster Confession. With the most ungrudging recognition of whatever truth and beauty the Nicene Creed contains, is there any good ground for treating it as so unique among the historic statements of Christian belief? Of course if in using an ancient creed as the expression of our modern thought, we keep up the fiction that we are introducing nothing new into the creed, but only interpreting it, then the later and longer creeds are much less serviceable for our purpose. They give elaborateness and precision to doctrines which the earlier ones stated in vaguer language. And the shorter and more undeveloped a creed, the easier to harmonize it with modern thought. But for use as a genuine *Credimus* even the Apostles' is too long. Dr. Newton's unwillingness to surrender anything of real worth in our spiritual inheritance is deserving of the heartiest commendation. But there are two ways of withdrawing from a communion which contains, indeed, much to admire, but which calls for some sacrifice of frankness or freedom if you remain. One is to leave and close the door of your sympathy behind you. The other is to enlarge the circle of your sympathy until it takes in on equal terms all serious thought, all pure aspiration, Jew or Gentile, old or new. Even these involve at times a somewhat violent break with one's ancestry. And that is not ideal. But the fault is with the system which would make any sort of a creed the basis of church fellowship. Some day we shall not be afraid to trust ourselves within an organization capable of growing with our growth. Meanwhile we shall have to put up now and then with the heartache that comes from sundering old ties. The reptile that cannot cast its skin dies of confinement. If the integument will not stretch, better sacrifice it than yourself.

H. D. M.

MORALITY is the more substantial, the more independent it is of superhuman volitions, and the more fully rested on the nature of things and the authority of truth. No "Supreme Ruler" could supersede nature, in this large sense; nor claim the right to be offended by human thoughts or deeds, as if he were an interest outside and beyond the sanctions of these essential laws.—*Samuel Johnson.*

IN one of Addison's plays, the undertaker reproves one of his mourners for laughing at a funeral, and says to him: "You rascal, you! I have been raising your wages for these two years, upon condition that you should appear more sorrowful; and the higher wages you receive, the happier you look."

THE religious sentiment never worships an external object as such, but an inward idea however embodied. The idea extends beyond the special object, and is always to an extent impersonal; yet in no positive religion is it wholly so.—*Samuel Johnson.*

SCARCELY have I ever heard or read the introductory phrase, "I may say without vanity," but some striking and characteristic instance of vanity has immediately followed.—*Franklin.*

DARK seasons are never pleasant to us, but are always good for us. A cloudless sky could never produce a good harvest.

EDUCATION is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army.—*Edward Everett.*

Men and Things.

THE Royal Infirmary of Edinburg is about to be opened to women students. This concession was lately announced at a meeting of a Scottish association for the medical education of women.

THE grandfather of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was an English clergyman, and his father, the Rev. James A. Spurgeon, still living, occupies a pulpit in London. Charles Spurgeon has two sons, and both are preachers.

DR. W. R. HARPER, president of the new Chicago University, and for some years Principal of Chautauqua College of Liberal Arts, has been appointed principal of the entire Chautauqua system. Bishop Vincent retains his position as chancellor.

IT is understood in London that Mr. Ruskin intends to appoint Charles Eliot Norton one of his literary executors. It is said that Mr. Ruskin has the highest regard for Mr. Norton, and it would be a rare tribute to his character if he should act in this capacity to three men like Carlyle, Lowell and Ruskin.

CLARA BARTON, so widely known for her labors in extending the Red Cross Society and the Women's Relief Corps, is said to be the first person to decorate soldiers' graves as a patriotic rather than a personal act of homage, and is the only woman who ever sat in the Swiss National Council; no other woman ever received, as she did from the old Kaiser William, the iron cross of Prussia.

MRS. EDNA D. CHENEY, has given to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, duplicates of nearly all the first proofs of the works engraved by her husband, Mr. Seth Cheney. Several collections have been made from the work of the Messrs. John and Seth Cheney, three of which are in Philadelphia; but the one at the Boston museum is now the largest except that belonging to Mrs. Cheney.

MRS. JOHN J. BAGLEY, of Detroit, well known in Unitarian circles, is a member of the Board of Lady Managers for the Columbian Exposition of '93, and at the latest session of the board put herself on record, with, we believe, thirty-six other members of that body, in favor of Sunday opening. She thinks the World's Fair will be a great object-lesson to all classes, and those who can only attend on Saturday and Sunday should have the privilege of doing so.

MRS. LIVERMORE has just returned from Chautauqua, N. Y. To stimulate some of her young friends, it is said, she joined the Chautauqua class of 1891 with them, and has gone through the required four years' course of reading and study, graduating with them August 19, and receiving her diploma. She was the orator of the day, delivering a lecture on "The True Aristocracy." There were 4,000 graduates in the class of '91, 500 of whom received their diplomas at Chautauqua in person—the remainder, distributed all over the United States, receiving them by mail.

SPEAKING of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and his remarkable power of work, the *Universalist* thinks it the more wonderful, as it truly would be, that Dr. Hale is seventy-nine years old. The *Universalist* must subtract ten from this number.—It is Dr. Hale who has taught us to multiply by ten.—According to Mr. Oscar Fay Adams' "Handbook of American Authors," the author of "A Man Without a Country," was born in 1822. His numerous friends and readers will gladly wait another decade before counting him among the octogenarians, though we doubt not even then he will distance many who are at the other end of their life's journey.

S. C. GRIGGS & Co. announce for early publication "A Study of Greek Philosophy" by Ellen M. Mitchell, with an introduction by Rev. W. K. Alger. Miss Mitchell has long been known in the East and West as an earnest and able student of the higher sorts of learning. She is one of the famous St. Louis circle, of which Dr. Harris stands at the head, whose members in the work of the Concord school and other similar enterprises have done so much to spread the interest in philosophy and the best literature. We shall look for Miss Mitchell's work with great interest and hope to have a word further to say of it when it appears.

MR. SUTHERLAND ORR, writes to the *Athenæum*: "Browning loved Mr. Arnold's poems, and made at least one other person love them. I think 'The Scholar Gypsy' was that which most appealed to him; and it is the one instance I recall of his betraying sympathy with a dramatic or lyric sadness which held any reflection upon life. I first knew the poem through the lines in which it characterizes our modern existence as a strange 'disease,' a tale of 'sick hurry,' and 'divided aim'; and they have lived in my memory through these many years in the sound of the low pathetic voice in which he repeated them. But he fully appreciated 'Empedocles,' as, indeed, its author knew; and in their order of merit all the other poems."

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* *Church and Creed.* By R. Heber Newton, Rector of All Souls' Church, New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Cloth, 75 cents.

Contributed and Selected.

Faint-Hearted.

Who leaps not when the gulf is reached,
Though fall he may where others fell,
Demeans the royal gift of life,
And sounds for faith a dying-knell.

Who fights not on though victory flies,
Nor "Forward!" cries, pressed back again,
His kinship proud to God denies,
And shames his mother's labor-pain.

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

An Educational Experiment.*

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS OF THE HILLSIDE HOME SCHOOL, JUNE 10, 1891, BY ELLEN C. LLOYD-JONES.

It seems but a brief time since that anxious spring of '87 when the principals of what is now the Hillside Home School, decided to abandon pleasant and remunerative work with happy associations to try an experiment so novel that many of their most experienced friends begged them to give up the foolish scheme. Hard was the struggle to desert the trodden and comfortable road for the pathless wild without landmarks, fertile and beautiful though it may seem. Narrow seemed the valley which had ever before appeared so charming. The hills around it seemed to shut us out and in from so much that was enticing and ennobling beyond their range.

But there were educational problems which had worried and puzzled us in the old fields of labor. We were eager to experiment with them under new and widely differing conditions. We realize then as now that correct methods and inspiring teachers are more important in the budding period of life than in maturer years, and the decision was made. The home was started in June. Our first experience in house-building and home making was obtained. Some of you participated in the trials of that summer.

The railroad trains which brought the supplies from Chicago moved more slowly then, even than they do now. Contractors were hindered, and we groaned in spirit over the delay caused by the non-arrival of material. Rains were too abundant that summer. September came with the unexpected number of ten home pupils.

The home unfinished, our first month of school was taught in the chapel. The farm wagon formed a commodious omnibus in which the happy children rode to and from the school. Picnic dinners in the church parlor or on the grass outside, with the glorious tints of autumn on the hills about us fed body and soul with nourishing food. One continual camping out seemed those first two months to the pupils, who were constantly entertained and instructed by the variety of labor going on about them.

A merry, propitious beginning it proved and those who came to us then, and those who have been with us for a term of years look back upon that autumn as the "good old times we used to have." The next summer the home became too small to give the needed facilities for the school, and the school-building went up. In the autumn new pupils and more teachers came. The next summer the home was enlarged by a third of its former size and other necessary buildings were added.

Far beyond the expectations of its most sanguine friends, far beyond the fondest hope of those who had its weal at heart the school has prospered. Pupils have come, have stayed and have grown in this country school, away from the distraction and excitements of the city. Nature's wonderful secrets abound on every hand and only a hint from a wise teacher is necessary to make of the child a seeker and a discoverer of these mysteries. The happy mingling of city-bred and country boys and girls in the school-rooms has taught each class to respect the other, and to realize from this friendly contact how essential each is to the other. That human nature is the same noble product, with the same capacity for growth upward, the same possibility of becoming stunted and depraved, whether living under quiet country skies or amid the bustling throngs of the city.

We have not yet solved all the hard educational problems. We confess that, even here, we find it very difficult to teach the necessary lessons of industry, economy and self-denial, to those for whom the well-filled purses of the parents open so readily. The wind and the frost, the hail and the snow are important factors in that fine product—the oak. Just as surely must struggling and wrestling and endurance contribute to the firm fibers of a man.

The boy who is in danger of losing his soul, his better self, to-day is not the poor boy whom necessity forces into the training that may make an Edison, a Garfield, or a Lincoln of him, but it is he whose every want is already supplied; who needs only to appeal to a mother who does not love him well enough to deny him, in order to escape every task, to supply every craving that by a law as inevitable as fate, will make of him a weak and maudlin wreck in the years to come. The problem of the anxious teacher in regard to the girls under her charge is how to make them feel that wealth is a sacred trust with nobler uses than merely to furnish means to procure "clean linen, coaches, gloves, cards, and elegance in trifles." That "tis fine souls that serve us, and not so-called fine society." To persuade them that a girl who has money at her disposal, has no more right to squander her time and money on trifles and frivolities than has she who is penniless; though it may be her blessed privilege to become one of the Florence Nightingales, or the Elizabeth Fry's of the world, while the poor girl may have to labor assiduously to put bread into her own mouth and the mouths of those whom she loves.

To stem this tide of indolence and self-indulgence is our greatest task. To you parents, we appeal, as the only ones who can stop the hole in the dyke through which this tide creeps into your sons' and daughters' lives. Oh, indulgent fathers and mothers look to it! Dare to suffer through your child's transient sufferings now, that you may give him the power to enjoy and to resist by-and-by.

For the future of our schools we have no great ambitions. We seek neither fame nor great numbers. It is not our aim to build up a large institution, but to maintain a little school that shall be true in its methods and thorough in its practice, that shall lay broadly and deeply the foundations of education and character.

The patronage of parents who believe in our methods and aims is the patronage we seek.

To you our boys and girls, as I look into your faces and realize that in a few hours, the quiet valley school will be to some of you a thing of the past, I long for the power to say the final word in such a way, that in some moment of weakness and temptation it may be with you to make you strong.

Aided by our faithful teachers we have tried to give you mental vigor by insisting that you do your own thinking. Thus only can you acquire the ability to think clearly and strongly. But we have also insisted that the highest mental vigor can only be reached in a vigorous body. In spite of the fact that noble things have been said and done by men and women with frail and suffering bodies, who ventures to say that even these might not have done greater things, might not have reached still greater heights of thought had they been blessed with sound bodies.

We have tried to impress it upon you, that to have vigorous bodies and sound minds you must sleep. Says Edward Everett Hale, "Sleep, profound and healthy, is the first of physical duties. Sleep profound and enough." But even then the body wears out, becomes diseased unless we observe the simple and beautiful laws of nature for its renewal. Simple food regularly taken, cleanliness and regular exercise in the open air, these with abundant sleep will keep your bodies well, if they are well; will in time restore you if you are ill. Spasmodic eating and drinking, like spasmodic thinking, can do little for you.

Along with the tobacco and stimulants which undermine your physical health we would have you shun the associations which will debilitate and enervate the mind. I quote from Dr. Hale again who says, "In truth, the reading of a low-lived novel is as bad training as intimacy with a low-lived man."

That, everyone sees, and we may go much further. To read gossiping novels all day long is no more mental training, than to talk with gossiping fools all day long. Let us not mistake for mental training the galloping over pages of novels and columns of newspapers, merely for the entertainment of the hour.

The habits of sleep, of diet and exercise will give you strong bodies. The habit of careful observation, independent thinking and judicious reading will give you strong minds. With these, and through these, may you also keep the heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. Happiness is only found in the way of right doing. Clean thoughts in a clean body, blossom into noble actions.

"Always speak the truth." "Be what you seem." "Nothing is impossible to the man who can will." "No good thing is failure, no evil thing success." No lack of maxims have any of you who have read and heard these and similar rules of conduct so often. But dear young friends, you and I know that learning rules is much easier, both in mathematics and morals, than to make their applications. In mathematics and morals too, the help or the advice of another is of little avail. In life's problems as in algebra, he only is strong, who struggles on and makes his own solution.

Those of you who read Emerson's essay last week will remember that the seer tells us, "'Tis little we can do for each other. We accompany the youth with sympathy and manifold old sayings to the gate of the arena, but 'tis certain that not by strength of ours or of the old sayings, but only on strength of his own, unknown to us or to any, he must stand or fall."

*We print the above extract from a school address, not only for the practical wisdom it contains, but as a hint in the way of the *better* education which is, if possible, of more importance than the *higher* education we hear so much of. Are there not many parents who are wanting to know of some such a farm and home school as this established at Hillside Wisconsin? And are there not many other teachers who might undertake and accomplish what these teachers are doing.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF UNITY:—In the very interesting article in UNITY of August 20, entitled "Religion, but not Theology," Mr. Underwood quotes definitions of religion from various prominent authors, and reports Schleirmacher as saying:

"Religion belongs neither to the domain of science nor morals, is essentially neither knowledge nor conduct, but emotion only."

Admitting, with Mr. Underwood, that Science has the right and the duty to investigate and report upon Religion, I wish to protest against the separation of Religion from Conduct. As I understand it, Religion is the voluntary effort of a human being to bring his thoughts, feelings, desires, words and actions, into conformity with the character and will of the Divine Being. C. K. W.

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Pilgrim Songs, with Other Poems. By J. Page Hopps.

These half-hundred songs and poems have been gathered in book form, as the modest preface tells us, "only because they have been urgently asked for." "There were others; but few of them were kept with any care: and these are nearly all that could be found." The author is one of our best known English Unitarian ministers, both by his pulpit work and his printed word. The collected verses cover a period of forty years,—from 1851 to 1891—and show a broadening and deepening religious experience. They are marked by devout feeling and by a tender rather than a jubilant trust and faith. "For the most part" says the preface "they were 'songs in the night,' and grew out of real personal needs; and, for that reason, such music as they have is often in a minor key." This will account for a certain spontaneity of flow in Mr. Hopps' verses, which is one of their charms, as if they sung themselves out of a full heart and as that heart's unstudied self-expression. Some of the verses remind us of Faber in this respect. The little volume is printed on fine heavy paper and tastefully bound in gray and gold. Copies of the book may be had from the author (Lea Hurst, Stonygate Road, Leicester): Price three shillings, post free.

Intimations of Eternal Life. By Caroline C. Leighton, Boston: Lee and Shepard. Cloth, 75 cents.

A commendable little volume occasioned by the prevalent skepticism regarding sacred things and the author's belief that late discoveries in science ought to throw light upon the probabilities of our future. The intimations of immortality drawn from the reality of things unseen, from the indestructibility of matter, from the convertibility of forces and from the fragmentary character of life are well presented and most gratifying. The chapter upon the Psychic Body is weak in its effort to justify the desire to meet after death the identical form of the human body—a childish desire.

The many quotations regarding the existence of this psychic body are confusing instead of convincing, and a careful reader will reject the primitive beliefs of mankind as reliable evidence upon metaphysical subjects and will deny the appropriateness of some of the scientific inferences. The author makes the common but inexcusable mistake of arguing for individual immortality from the analogy of plant life. The effort, made in all apparent seriousness, to locate the scenes of our future life upon the planets or fixed stars seems too materialistic to one believing heaven to be a spiritual condition. The book will be a help to those interested in the subject, although in its varied quotations it betrays extensive reading rather than critical selection on the part of the author.

A Tramp in Society. By Robert H. Cowdrey, Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

A study in social economics cast in the form of a novel. The monopoly of land, the author maintains, is the one great cause of poverty and distress. The hero of the story purchases a large farm within easy reach of Chicago, and throws the land open to the free use of any one for homes, manufacturing or business, and the result is the growth of a wonderfully prosperous community, and the final conversion of every one to the free land theory. We believe Mr. Cowdrey's theory is ultimately right, but we doubt whether he is on the right track as to methods of bringing it into action. At any rate, the book well deserves study. C. H. E.

GINN AND COMPANY announces Cardinal Newman's "Essay on Poetry with Reference to Aristotle's Poetics," edited by Prof. A. S. Cook, of Yale University. The essay is a notable example of the literary work of one who has been considered the greatest master of style in this generation. The illustrative apparatus provided by the editor includes some practical hints on the study of Greek drama in English, an index, an analysis and a few suggestive notes.

FUNK AND WAGNALLS publish in leatherette covers, Mr. Spurgeon's address, entitled "The Greatest Fight in the World." It is a zealous defense of the infallibility of the Bible, and abounds in arguments which convince the writer, with characteristic dogmatisms and anecdotes.

Church Door Pulpit.

The River of Life.

PREACHED AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, SEPT. 6, 1891, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

"A river with its streams shall make glad the city of God."—*Psalms 46 : 4.*

Rivers have been the highways of civilization. Along the banks of the Nile, the Euphrates and the Indus, did the earlier nations rise. Memphis, Thebes, Babylon, Rome, Paris and London, are mighty marts that were fertilized by rivers. Eleven states of our union bear the names of rivers. The sanctities of life have gathered along the banks of running streams. The Jordan flows through the Bible, making green its pastures and filling its valleys with flowers. Although the Jew hung his "harp on the willow trees by the rivers of Babylon" the native erected his shrines along its banks, and the devout Hindu soothes his soul and magnifies his life if he may but once bathe his body in the Ganges. Poetry like religion—indeed it is the blossom and fruit of religion—has delighted in the river. Shakespeare had his Avon. Wordsworth his Yarrow. Longfellow his Charles and Emerson his Musketaquid. Wordsworth well says:

"And never did genius slight them as they go."

The river has lost none of its potency, its sanctity is not a thing of the Orient or for ancient people alone. The indignant king of Syria was right when he resented the superior claim which Elisha made for the waters of Jordan, and said, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" What Naaman said of his Syrian streams I am inclined to say to-day of the waters of the Wisconsin. I greet you, friends, this morning, with a life renewed by hill slope and valley. Trees, grasses and birds have ministered unto me but better than all, my summer outing has been spent in communion with a river. Morning, noon, and night for six weeks, from the porch of Westhope cottage on Tower Hill, have I watched the gliding waters in their broad two-mile sweep, edging the hills, girding the islands, threading the bridge, in its silent flux out of a mystery into mystery. When the parching sun blistered the land, burnt the fields and dusted the roads, the river undismayed, slaked the ever-rising thirst of its sands. When the storm came, the rains fell and the trees swayed, moaned and gave thanks, the river made no halt; it simply moved on. High up on the hill slope we were perched, and it seemed to me at times that there was no poetry so fine, no picture so serene, no romance so bewitching as that Wisconsin river, in whose waters I bathed as a child, along whose banks I dreamed and toiled as a youth, and with whose every feature I thought I had lived familiarly as a man, though in these weeks of rest I found what I never knew before. I reluctantly left it behind with its lessons but partly conned, its wisdom unexhausted; glad to work for ten months more if at the end of the time I may be rewarded with another season of courtship with my river. Its waters are to me more than ever a part of that water of life which slakes the thirst of the soul as it cools the fevered pulse of the body. It, like its ancient companions, is a river of God, flowing for the "healing of the nations." The waters of the Wisconsin bear no traffic now. Its shores have been deserted by the tradesman. Its once busy villages and commercial centres have been lured away by the whistle of the steam-engine. He who still is made restless by the passion of a savage ancestry and seeks to amuse his life by taking life, vexes its waters to little purpose, his pole and line fret the sliding waters chiefly that he may catch new lessons of patience, and that he may, if indeed his life is wanting in such tutorship, be disciplined by disappointment. Those who know most of the habits of our river insists that it is the happy home of "plenty of fish" but they have been made wise by civilization, or, what amounts to about the same thing, man, in his haste and care for better things, has lost the secret and forgotten the art of catching them. I, who love to fish without rod and hunt without gun, and find ever ample game, do not regret this. Yet, of this unused, unyielding and unsung river or the west, I must borrow the poet's lines to speak my love and gratitude:

Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger around the Heights,
They melt and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine,
Sad thought, which I would banish,

But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

This river "with its streams makes glad the city of God" whenever it is known in its relations; for until then it is not known at all. That stretch of water bending its arm around the stolid bluff seems the most commonplace of prosaic things, the same old river wrestling unsuccessfully with the shifting sands that it was thirty years ago. However fields and homes and peoples change, it is the same. But it seems thus only to the unthinking. When it is related in thought to that exhaustless source of its being that comes from cloud-land, when we think of the celestial feedings that come from the silent dews, the mystic springs born in snow-land and stored in rocky cisterns, when we think of the thousand rivulets that quietly replenish it as they creep through valley and ravine, under shady trees and through marshy glades, and when we relate in thought the river to that toward which it is tending, and remember that every drop in its bed is a pilgrim hastening with unwearied feet to that holy shrine it knows not of, that home in the mystic deep, and that when it finds its pilgrimage ended in the ocean's breast it will be again called up higher, wooed by the sun, and sent back again to travel its beautiful round, then it becomes the most changeable of changing things. That sweep of river which lulled and soothed me was but the visible link in the endless chain of being. It was the seen moment in the unseen round of existence, a segment in the divine circle of law, a beat of the rhythmic clock of nature. It is the mother of the fern, the father of the meadow, the partner of the farmer, the solace of the cows, the friend of the birds. This river had underground connection with the pine tree that clings desperately to the naked face of the precipitous rock which enters into the rugged architecture of Tower Hill. You cannot see how it lives up there where things are so dry, barren, blistered. The river knows and the tree knows. The river says, "It is easy for me to reach up to it when the root reaches down to me," and the pine says, "It is easy to live only so I can strike one root into the water level of the river." Looked upon in this light the river is a flux in permanence. It is the familiarity of ceaseless change, the stability of endless motion. The river that at night gives back the glory of the sunset, nay, contributes one-half of the glory itself, is not the river that welcomes the sunrise. That river is forty miles away, and this new river has come since last night from the hills of Baraboo, forty miles up stream. The mold is the same, but the material is different; the form remains, the substance changes; and still there is the sense of permanence that overlays the evanescent, and the stream in going does not rob us. We would lose the river if, by any means, it were compelled to stay with us.

Again as we look on the river and think of it, it becomes the great worker of nature, the tireless toiler; it is God's excavator, the world's plowman. What a burden-bearer it is! How it polishes the pebbles, carves the hills, molds the bluffs and builds its islands. Geikie, the geologist, estimates that the Mississippi river carries annually into the Gulf of Mexico solid matter enough to build a prism two hundred and sixty-eight feet in height with a base on one quarter mile. The port of Adria, the thriving commercial town in ancient times, which gave its name to the Adriatic Sea, is now fourteen miles inland. The Amazon colors the water of the ocean three hundred miles out from the shore. So busy and so effective a toiler is the river that what once the geologists thought was produced by some mighty spasms of nature, some special hammer-strokes of God, they are now quite sure is but the work of the patient rivers of the world, the silent streams that, unasked and unthanked, work away day by day, smoothing out this rough old world of ours, fertilizing arid sand plains and draining the bog holes of earth. One little stream in the Grand Canon of Colorado has chiseled out that gorge three hundred miles long, and in some places six thousand feet deep. The rivers have so grooved the face of Colorado in some sections that the geologist tells us "it can hardly be crossed except by birds."

Perhaps this thought of the river as a toiler was the most consoling and soothing one to my over-strained nerves as I lazily brooded over its beauty from my hammock. It was a comfort to think that there was something at work while I was idle, and that the great workers do not grow weary. If we let go once in a while, the machinery of life does not stop. It is good whenever we can to touch elbows with "The power not ourselves," good to remember that when we fall out the column does not halt, that our "I will" and "I will not" sounds small and oftentimes impudent when uttered in the presence of those resistless powers that bear us on their bosoms and uses our indolence as well as our diligence, "to make glad the city of God."

And so this little stream suggests the solemn river of human life with its flux in the permanent that has been bearing down through the ages, carrying in its bosom the emotions and the thoughts, the loves and experiences of the countries through which it passed. This river of humanity has been fed from unseen sources. It has drawn its substance out of the rills of life, animal and vegetable. The cruder forces of crystal and cell have met the sublimer elements of air and sky to augment this ever broadening, ever deepening river which bears onward, like the river of my rest, to join with other streams more potent and to glide into the bosom of that parental ocean of life which gave the being it now gladly accepts. And this human stream has been a great burden-bearer. Commerce, art, learning, religion are not the achievements of any one man, nation or age, but the accumulated solutions, the aggregated deposits of all lands and of all ages. The earliest stages of our Wisconsin river have a brook-like attraction which it loses. The mountain stream dances and sings, it ripples and jumps, it plays hide-and-go-seek with the sunlight, and when it can accommodate a fish, it speckles its shining sides with red and puts the blithe heart of a trout inside; all this is lost before it reaches Tower Hill. There it is staid and quiet, but farther down our river joins hands with the Mississippi. It becomes more placid, more sluggish, if you will, but still the latter and not the former condition is the more glorious. If there seems to be more poetry in a trout brook than in the Mississippi River, spanned by the mighty steel bridge at St. Louis, burdened, and, to vulgar eye, soiled by the freightage of the Ohio, the Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin and the countless smaller streams, it is because our imagination is weak and we can not take in the complexity of the situation. We are not yet equal to the Shakespearean poetry of the great river, although we can enjoy the jingle of the brook ballad. It is just so with this river of life. If we think the brook-like clearness of the Judean life twenty-five hundred years ago, or even the mountain streams of Greek glory more interesting, more elevating, more refined and refining than the burdened life of Paris, London, Boston or, dare I say it? Chicago; it is because we have not imagination enough to conceive of these broadened streams in their full relations, because we have not penetration enough to see what they hold in solution, to realize that their waters have come from the uplands of Judea, that these modern rivers contain the output of Grecian springs and Persian brooks as well as Keltic rivulets, Skandinavian tarns, and Gothic creeks. "Oh," but you say, "the water is so dirty, it is muddy and stench-laden by this time." Have you read how the Rhone plunges into Lake Geneva, a turbid, troubled stream, and how it passes out of the lake some forty miles farther on with its waters blue, clear and beautiful? It was the same water that entered at the upper end which escapes at the lower end. And what of the mud? It is left in the bottom of the lake. Why, that too was the best kind of continent stuff, out of it wheatfields could be made. Give the Rhone time enough, it will make for those Swiss people splendid farming lands where now the waves roll high. When Alpheos the river god pursued Arethusa, she sought safety in a fountain of pure water. But Alpheos, nothing daunted seized the fountain in his arms and bore her along to the sea. She was none the less pure, but Alpheos was the stronger. There is a great lesson which the religious and thought world need to learn in this airy fable of the Greeks thus given us by Shelley.

Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains,
She leap down the rocks
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;—
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams:
And gliding and springing,
She went ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep;
The earth seemed to love her.
And heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

"As she lingered towards the deep," says the poet. But even the lingering is only seeming. The slackened stream moves with a mightier momentum than the hurrying brook, it carries a heavier burden, it does more work, it is more beneficent. Science has made it plain, so plain that the schoolboy can understand it, that the Wisconsin river, that washes the foot of Tower Hill, is directly related, is a part of, the great water system of the globe. There is but one ocean and all rivers are its feeders. The rivers have but one source, and that is the mother sea. Whether it be as invisible steam in the cylinder, floating vapor in the clouds, the mist overhanging the earth as morning drapery,

snow, ice, spring or river, water is the same everywhere, and preserves its balance of relations.

O, when and how are we to apply this lesson to the river of life? How can we teach men to believe that all religions are so many rivers bearing towards the ocean of truth; that all nations are so many streams, tributaries to that splendid ocean of human brotherhood that is yet to be realized, and that in the last analysis, when, by process of distillation or of settling the real essence of the souls of men is discovered, it will be found that all souls have emanated from the one paternal bosom of divine being. O, to see man in his relations to the universe of life as we see the river in its relation to the universe of matter. Then courage will come to us, we shall persist in our undertakings. Then tenderness will come that will teach us to be patient with the shortcomings of one another. Last and best of all, vision will come that will put meaning in what have heretofore been meaningless, that will enable us to see harmony where we thought discord reigned, and we shall walk with unsandaled feet ground which before we rudely crushed with the hobnails of irreverence and commonplace profanity.

Let us bring this parable of the river nearer home and see how personal the analogies are. Our individual lives are rivers. How rippling, sun-gleaming is the trout brook of childhood; how it quiets and broadens as it moves along; in middle life how heavy laden it is with the accumulated cares, how burdened with other people's thoughts, with the experiences and responsibilities of the world. How turbid are its waters at times, how unlike the spring purity of childhood, how unfit for the serenity and placidity of the ocean towards which we tend. And still, not childhood but age is more noble. Not at birth but at maturity are we most fit for companionship with angels. Then are we nearest to God. Truly, Lowell was justified by the analogies of the river when he says:

> Not only around our infancy
> Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
> Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
> We Sinais climb and know it not.
>
> Over our manhood bends the skies;
> Against our fallen and traitor lives
> The great winds utter prophecies;
> With our faint hearts the mountain strives,
> Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
> Waits with its benedicte,
> And to our age's drowsy blood
> Still shouts the inspiring sea.

I apologize for none of the lapses of life. I excuse no complacency and recognize no grace in coarseness or selfishness. But I plead for the sanctity of life in its essence wherever or however found, and ask for that respect in you for every living thing which I believe all things anywhere and everywhere should command. The sun shines above you and its rays reach the waters of your life. You are a part of the wondrous stream of being, and your reflection and shadow enter into a landscape more charming than any combinations of river and valley, field and hill slope, wild-wood and cultivated garden can produce.

And here I must break with my analogies and free myself from the tyranny of the figure. Suggestive and inspiring as are the analogies between a human life and a river, still more significant are the differences. Splendid as is the view of the Wisconsin river from the porch of Westhope cottage with its horizon line of hills miles beyond, its airy bridge which it wears as a woman does a ring of silver fretwork on a finger that would otherwise be all alabaster; it is not so splendid as a gleam of love on a woman's face; it is not so inspiring as a ripple of laughter on the manly face bronzed in summer toil. No, the meanest man is more than the noblest river. The delta of the Nile has a sea line of one hundred and eighty miles, and it is ninety miles from its shore to its apex. That of the Mississippi contains an area of forty thousand square miles, while that of the Ganges and its companion covers a space of from fifty thousand to sixty thousand and it has been bored through to a depth of four hundred and eighty-one feet. But what are these deltas, compared to the greater accumulations, the more sublime deposits of the river of human life, represented by a volume of Emerson's poetry, by the telephone, or by a library of a hundred volumes of wisely selected books? The Grand Canyon of Colorado is coarse and cheap work accomplished by the 'prentice hand of Nature compared to the furrowed face of Abraham Lincoln, or the chiseled beauty found in the face of a *Mater Dolorosa*, a mother of grief.

As I sat this summer quietly cultivating the acquaintance of the Wisconsin river, I could easily clothe it with personality, and add to all its other charms the superlative gift of consciousness. I imagined it endowed with a memory that reached back to the upland brooks. I fancied it as having some recollections of a joyous life among pebbles and merry gambols over stones, but it could not recall its snow birth or the rock womb from which it sprang. It could well remember its earlier augmentations and combination of the cramped life at The Dells, what seemed the arbitrary interference of mill-dams and bridges, and now it feels a burden of anxiety for the future. It had vague premonitions of a sea toward which it is tending, where from excess of glory and majesty it will again lose itself.

What fancy gave to the river, fact gives to man. All that and more is the lot of the humblest mortal, and therein lies the crowning mission of religion; to give to man some realizing sense of the significance and responsibility of this self-consciousness, and any reasoning from analogy, from man to river and from river back to man, that forgets this mighty difference is delusive and treacherous. Herein dawns my hope of immortality. This existence with a memory is to me a pledge of existence with a future consciousness. I am not dismayed by that immortality that is vouchsafed to the river. Glad and grateful will I be for the life that now is, which river-like is permitted to flow through glades of green, past rocks of strength, a life that is allowed to shelter joyous creatures, to reflect splendid scenery, to give back the colors of the sun, to water parched fields, slake the thirst of man and beast, to swell with nourishment that waving corn, and then, when the course is run, my career ended, to be permitted to find my home in the bosom of Him who gave me being, to vanish not into nothingness but into reality, to be conserved in ways I wot not of for the perpetual uses of the God of life. I say I am not dismayed by this thought of mortality. I will not rebel against it. Life is still a profound gift, a magnificent privilege. The life that ends in absorption and climbs to redistribution, is insured to the river. But I am more than a river. The forces of the soul are bound together not by the external law of gravitation, but by that inner chord of consciousness that guarantees continuity, transcending all the rounds of matter. Because I remember I rejoice in individuality. Being a river with a memory, I become a river with a hope. I find myself placed not at the last end of a declining series, but at the fore end of an ascending one, and so the river lifts me into dreams, expectations, faiths, that it can not itself attain. Many a time this summer as in previous summers have I in my wanderings touched my lips to rock-encradled springs and watched the pure water start from its ice-cold caves on its long journey to the sea. Can we not, should we not, think again, when we touch our lips to love's fountains and see an impulse of kindliness shoot out of the privacy of a hidden desire, out of the caverns of hungry eyes, see there, a spring of the water of life starting which will bear its way on to its celestial home, to its deathless destiny.

Science is compelled to assume the existence of an atom which no one has seen, an *atom*, that which can not be divided, as the word implies, an indestructible unit, and upon this assumption it works out its chemistry of nature. Some such unit of measure suggests itself to me in a self-centered soul, a directing will, a conscious river, a stream with a memory, a tide of life with a hope.

I uncover in the presence of the man of science, I ask his help and gratefully take his hand and follow him wherever he may lead, so long as he is true to his mission. But the river teaches that all science is not analytic. As I watched that living picture in my rest place, I found that all of the river was not told by the surveyor, the geologist and the chemist, though I longed to know all these might tell me of it, its length, breadth and depth, its component parts, and the nature of the cargo it was carrying to the sea; but still that was not all the river. I must seek it in its settings of lights and shades. My picture was framed with bluffs two hundred feet high, and these were matted with rugs woven out of tall tree tops. My river was bordered with shadows, it was emblazoned with sunrises. My river was haloed with sunsets, and these all had more or less perfect communication with that something that stood at the receiving end of the telescope in my eye. There was something that was in telephonic communication with my ear, and all these tints, tones and tempers, all seem heard, felt and thought, were also *facts* of nature, realities of being, objects of scientific thought, and he who would slight any one of them, particularly the more evanescent facts of thought and feeling, is grossly unscientific, though he does it in the name of science. So of this river of human life, this stream of consciousness we call soul. We must take it in its setting, study it with its glow as well as its gloom. This hope, this hunger, this audacious faith, this majestic trust, this heroic defiance of death even, are facts, solid, splendid, real facts in the universe, in the presence of which true science is as respectful as it is, to say the least, in the presence of sand drifts and alluvial deposits.

Thus will I let one river interpret for me the other, but will not let the lesser fix the bounds or establish the conditions of the larger. And Emerson must help the geologist interpret the stream:

> Thy summer voice, Musketaquid,
> Repeats the music of the rain;
> But sweeter rivers pulsing flit
> Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain.
>
> Thou in thy narrow banks are pent:
> The stream I love unbounded goes
> Through flood and sea and firmament;
> Through light, through life, it forward flows.
>
> I see the inundation sweet,
> I hear the spending of the stream
> Through years, through men, through nature fleet,
> Through love and thought, through power and dream.
>
> Musketaquid, a goblin strong,
> Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;
> They lose their grief who hears his song,
> And where he winds is the day of day.
>
> So forth and brighter fares my stream,
> Who drink it shall not thirst again;
> No darkness stains its equal gleam,
> And ages drop in it like rain.

But let not these high hopes and subtle reasonings turn us in confusion from the quieter and safer lessons of our river. Let us think of the solemn river of life in its ceaseless flux as that which comes from a source mystic and bears to a destiny mysterious, but which between these two horizon lines of haloed ignorance exposes to our view this delightful mid-stream section, enough to prove that it is related to all that is fair and real, that it works persistently towards a destiny which it holds in common with the Lord of the universe, that it works persistently, silently, as a stream "that maketh glad the city of God." The river of our summer vacation remains with the woodlands, the meadows, and under the brows of noble hills. But the river of our life which it quickened is here, augmented may we hope, clarified, sanctified and consecrated somewhat more by its contact with its humbler sister up there among the hills. May it through the coming year flow through sluggish brains and quicken in them thought-growths, reach hearts sun-parched and dry and convert them into flower gardens, touch the roots of weak and paralyzed wills, and nerve them with a strength that will enable them to battle like the pine on the rocks, defying winter storms and summer droughts, persisting ever in perennial greenness. Above all, may it bear the fruits of generosity, open-handed helpfuluess, earnest work. For these are the fruits that grow upon trees, watered by the "streams that make glad the city of God."

EVERY FAMILY

Should be provided with Ayer's Pills. No other aperient is in such general demand or so highly recommended by the profession. Mild but thorough in operation, these pills are the best of all remedies for constipation, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion, flatulency, loss of appetite, liver complaint, and sick headache. They break up colds, fevers, and malaria, relieve rheumatism and neuralgia, and are indispensable to travelers, either by land or sea. Sugar-coated and compounded of the purest vegetable cathartics, they may be taken with impunity by old and young. Physicians recommend these pills in preference to any other. H. W. Hersh, Judsonia, Ark., says: "In 1853, by the advice of a friend, I began the use of Ayer's Pills as a remedy for biliousness, constipation, high fevers, and colds. They served me better than anything I had previously tried, and I have used them in attacks of that sort ever since."

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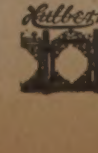

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Notes from the Field.

The Western Conference.—The Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference met at headquarters at 2 P. M., September 15, James Van Inwagen in the chair. Present, Ida C. Hultin, Celia P. Woolley, M. Leonard, J.V. Blake, J. Ll. Jones, J. R. Effinger. The treasurer's report was read and adopted. It was unofficially reported, in the absence of the special committee appointed at the May meeting, that Rev. F. L. Hosmer had declined the office of temporary secretary. The secretary of the Conference, John R. Effinger, being sufficiently recovered from his late illness, reported for duty. The following resolution was unanimously passed:

Resolved, That for the missionary work of the season, ending May, 1892, the following plan is adopted: 1. That the services of the Rev. J. R. Effinger, in whose returning health we rejoice, be chiefly centered upon the duties that gather around the central office.

2. That to co-operate with him and to represent the Conference in the field; each state within the Conference territory be assigned to some one of the Directors of the Conference, or when necessary to some one elected by the Board.

3. That for the duties of the central secretaryship, a salary at the rate of $1,500 per annum be paid.

4. That for the work done in the field, either by the secretary or the state directors, the Conference will pay all traveling expenses and $10 for each visit.

5. That the representatives of the Conference in their field work be requested, whenever practicable, to present the claims of the Conference and to pay all monies received through collections or otherwise, into the treasury of the Conference.

6. That the state directors be requested to communicate at least once a month with the secretary and treasurer of the Conference concerning matters relating to their respective departments, and at the annual meeting to present a supplementary report of work done by them during the year.

7. That the following assignment of state directorship is made subject to the approval of parties named:

Ohio, F. L. Hosmer; Michigan, Ida C. Hultin; Indiana and Illinois, J. Ll. Jones; Wisconsin, H.D. Maxson; Minnesota, S. M. Crothers; Iowa, A. M. Judy; Missouri, Kentucky, J. C. Learned; Nebraska and Kansas, N. M. Mann.

8. That the secretary be authorized to fill any vacancies that may occur in the above list. It was moved and carried that Mrs. Marion H. Perkins be the agent to represent the Western Headquarters at the National Conference, Saratoga. It was moved that when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet in special session at Saratoga, subject to call of the president. On motion ten dollars were appropriated for incidental expenses at headquarters.

Monroe, Wis.—Rev. Leslie W. Sprague and his wife, Lila Frost Sprague, have resigned the charge of the Universalist church at Monroe, and accepted a call to the Unitarian church at Pomona, California. They expect to leave for their new field October 12.

Painesville, O.—Rev. F. L. Hosmer, of Cleveland held missionary services at this point on Sunday evening, September 6 and 13. He returns to hold another service on the evening of the 27th.

Chicago.—The trustees of All Souls Church, ever hospitable to noble enterprises, have granted the use of their audience room to the Kindergarten of the church. A Memorial service to James Russell Lowell was held in the church last Sunday.

TO BE ADVANCED OCT. 1 TO PAR, $10.

SECOND SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND OF 20 CENTS PER SHARE, PAYABLE IN OCTOBER.

Stock of the Georgia-Alabama Investment and Development Company.

Capital Stock, $4,500,000. Shares, $10 each, par value, full paid and Subject to no Assessments.

Gen. BENJ. F. BUTLER of Massachusetts - - - - - - President. | Hon. JAMES W. HYATT, Late Treas. of U. S. - - - - - Treasurer.

DIRECTORS.

Gen. BENJ. F. BUTLER of Massachusetts.
Hon. LOGAN H. ROOTS of Arkansas.
J. W. CASELDINE, Cashier Merchants & Miners' Bank, Tallapoosa, Ga.
Hon. JAS. W. HYATT, ex-Treas. of U. S., of Conn.
GEO. C. SCOFIELD, Pres. N. Y. Con. Co. of N. Y.
THOS. C. SMITH, Pres. 17th Ward Bank, Brooklyn.
L. M. SANFORD, Pres. Bank of New Castle of Ky.

ADVISORY BOARD.

Hon. JNO. B. GORDON, ex-Governor of Georgia.
Hon. RICH. H. BRIGHT of Washington, D. C.
Hon. E. F. MANN, Supt. C. & M. R. R. of N. H.
E. R. TRUE, Cash. U. S. Treasury, Washington, D. C.
Hon. ROBERT L. TAYLOR, ex-Governor of Tenn.
P. K. ROOTS, Cash. 1st Nat. Bk., Little Rock, Ark.
F. Y. ROBERTSON, Pres. 1st Nat. Bk, Kearney, Neb.
HON. D. C. SCOVILLE, of New York City, N. Y.

INTERNATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, TRANSFER AGENTS, 45 MILK ST., BOSTON, MASS.

30,000 Shares Only Now Offered to the Public, Until Oct. 1, if not Previously Taken at $4.00 PER SHARE

All stock purchased during the month of September will receive the October dividend of 20 cents per share. Transfer books close at midnight, THURSDAY, Oct. 1, for the payment of the dividend.

Only 30,000 shares offered, and when sold the stock will be entirely withdrawn from sale listed on the exchanges, and price advanced to par.

The directors of the Georgia-Alabama Investment and Development Company have decided to offer to the public the balance of the stock of the company remaining unsold—30,000 shares—until October 1, at $4.00 per share.

On that Date the transfer books of the company will be closed for the payment of the October dividend and the stock listed on the several exchanges and price advanced to par.

This stock is full paid, and subject to no future assessments under any circumstances.

One million dollars of the $4,500,000 capital stock was placed in the treasury of the company for the development of its properties, and the enhancement and protection of the interests of the stockholders.

Under the plan of the organization of the Company all receipts from the sale of the Treasury Stock of the Company are expended at once for improving and developing the property of the Company, increasing its assets to the extent of the amount received.

The entire properties of the Company being paid for in full, all the receipts from the sale of city lots go at once to the dividend fund of the Company, in addition to the earnings of its manufacturing establishments in operation and its income from other sources.

The stock of the company will not only earn gratifying dividends for the investor, but will increase rapidly in the market value, with the development of the company's property.

The stock will be listed on the exchanges in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston.

Orders for stocks will be filed as received, in any amount from one share upward, as it is desired to have as many small holders in all sections of the country as possible, who will, by their interest in the company, influence emigration to Tallapoosa and advance the interests of the company.

THE PROPERTY OF THE COMPANY CONSISTS OF

FIRST. 8,000 City Lots, or 2,022 acres of land in the city of Tallapoosa, Haralson county, Georgia, the residue remaining unsold of 2,500 acres, on the center of which the city was originally built. Estimated value on organization of company Oct. 1, 1890, $1,084,765, but largely increased in amount and present value since that time by additional purchases of city lands and improvements and development added.

SECOND. 2,458 acres of valuable mineral land adjacent to the city of Tallapoosa, all located within a radius of six miles from the center of the city. Present value, $122,900.

THIRD. The issued Capital Stock of the Georgia, Tennessee & Illinois Railroad Company, chartered for the purpose of building a railroad from Tallapoosa, Ga., to Stevenson, Ala., 120 miles, that will net the company nearly $2,000,000 of the capital stock of railroad paying 7 per cent. dividends.

FOURTH. The Tallapoosa Furnace, on the line of the Georgia-Pacific railroad, in the city of Tallapoosa, Ga.—the said furnace being of 50 tons capacity, manufacturing the highest grade of cold and hot blast charcoal car-wheel iron. Present value, $250,000.

FIFTH. The Piedmont Glass Works, situated on the line of the Georgia-Pacific railroad, in the city of Tallapoosa, Ga., said plant being 12-pot furnace capacity, and manufacturing flint-glass flasks and prescription ware. Present value, $100,000.

SIXTH. The Tallapoosa Reclining Chair Factory, on the line of the Georgia-Pacific railroad, in the city of Tallapoosa, Ga., manufacturing hammock, reclining and other chairs. Present value, $25,000.

SEVENTH. Sundry interest bearing bonds, notes, mortgages, loans, stocks, etc., acquired since the organization of company in securing the location on its property of new manufacturing industries and from sales of its city lots and cash in bank, received from the sale of treasury stock for improvements not yet invested.

There are already located on the property of the company, in the city of Tallapoosa, from 3,000 to 3,500 inhabitants, three-quarters of whom are Northern people, who have settled there within the last three years, about 700 houses, 40 business houses and blocks, public parks, free public schools, churches, hotels, water works, electric lights, $75,000 hotel, now building, to be open in October. Street railway and 12 new manufacturing industries under contract and building that will employ fully 1,000 additional operatives, requiring 500 new dwelling houses, and increase the present population of the city from 3,500 to 5,000.

THE INCOME OF THE COMPANY

Is derived principally from six sources:

FIRST. Earnings of its manufacturing establishments, now in operation and to be built (now $76,235.04 yearly).

SECOND. Rentals of its farming lands and sales of timber in "stumpage" (estimated $3,000 yearly).

THIRD. Sales of its city lots in Tallapoosa, Ga., for improvement and investment (estimated $250,000 yearly).

FOURTH. Working of its mines and quarries, by themselves or on "royalties" (estimated $16,000 yearly).

FIFTH. Profits on mineral, timber and town site options on line of Ga., Tenn. & Ill. R. R. (estimated $50,000 yearly).

SIXTH. Earnings of stock of Georgia, Tennessee & Illinois R. R. (estimated $186,408 yearly).

4 ADVANTAGES OF THE STOCK AS AN INVESTMENT.

PRINCIPAL absolutely secure under any circumstances, the property being paid for in full.

DIVIDENDS, to include earnings and all receipts from sale of city lots, paid regularly April and October.

PROBABILITY of a large increase in each semi-annual dividend by increased earnings and sales.

CERTAINTY of a rapid increase monthly in the intrinsic value and selling price of the stock itself.

Total estimated yearly income of Company after construction of railroad, $525,633.04.

Total estimated yearly income of Company prior to construction of railroad, $339,235.04.

UNTIL THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, IF NOT PREVIOUSLY TAKEN.

$8 Will Purchase	2	Shares	or	$20	Par Value of STOCK
20 Will Purchase	5	Shares	or	50	Par Value of STOCK
40 Will Purchase	10	Shares	or	100	Par Value of STOCK
80 Will Purchase	20	Shares	or	200	Par Value of STOCK
120 Will Purchase	30	Shares	or	300	Par Value of STOCK
240 Will Purchase	60	Shares	or	600	Par Value of STOCK
400 Will Purchase	100	Shares	or	1000	Par Value of STOCK
600 Will Purchase	150	Shares	or	1500	Par Value of STOCK
1200 Will Purchase	300	Shares	or	3000	Par Value of STOCK

Checks for the October dividend of 20 cents per share will be mailed in October to all stockholders of record October 1; and all stock purchased in September will receive the October dividend.

As but 30 000 shares remain unsold, and when taken the entire issue will have been disposed of, applications for stock in September will be filled in the order received until Oct. 1, and all subscriptions in excess of this amount will be returned to the subscribers.

No orders will be received at the present price of $4.00 per share after 12 o'clock midnight Oct. 1, and all orders for stock should be mailed as soon as possible, and in no event later than several days prior to that date, to insure delivery at present price of $4.00 per share.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS FOR STOCK AND PROSPECTUSES, AND MAKE CHECKS, DRAFTS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO

Hon. James W. Hyatt, Treas., Georgia-Alabama Investment & Development Co.

Room 313 Stock Exchange Building, Chicago, Ill.

Southern Offices, Tallapoosa, Haralson County, Ga. **New York Offices,** 11 Wall Street, Rooms 31 and 32. **Boston Offices,** 244 Washington St., Rooms 8, 9 and 10. **Philadelphia Offices,** Room 244 Drexel Building. **Providence Office,** Room 1, Butler Exchange. **Chicago Office,** Room 313, Stock Exchange Building. **Baltimore Office,** Room 4, Bank of Baltimore Building. **Foreign Offices,** No. 2 Tokenhouse Buildings, London, Eng.

☞Eighty-page Illustrated Prospectus of Tallapoosa, Stock Prospectus of Company and Plat of City, With Price List of Building Lots, Mineral Maps of the Section, Engineers' Reports, &c., mailed free on application to any of the above-named offices of the company.

WHAT PRESENT STOCKHOLDERS SAY:

TALLAPOOSA, Ga., Aug. 22, 1891.

We, the undersigned, stockholders of the Georgia-Alabama Investment and Development Company, being in the City of Tallapoosa for the purpose of investigating the properties of the Company, and the accuracy of the statements made regarding their value and earning capacity, and the location, advantages and development of the city, hereby testify:

First. That we find each and every statement made by the Company in their printed matter regarding the City of Tallapoosa, the manufacturing industries, building developments under way, and property and prospects of the Company much within the facts as now existing.

Second. That we find the actual situation at Tallapoosa is much understated, rather than overstated by the Company, in every particular, all representations made being fully verified by investigation on the ground, and many advantages of great importance not being mentioned either in their Prospectus or other printed matter; in fact, we find the situation at Tallapoosa in every respect much more promising and far better than we had reason to expect from the statements made by the Company in their various publications.

William H. Greene, Phelps, N. Y.
Frank W. Page, Rochester, N. Y.
E. P. Soverhill, Newark, N. Y.
L. R. Sanford, Albion, N. Y.
Fred H. Lancaster, Syracuse, N. Y.
Jno. Bowles, Washington, D. C.
Prof. Charles B. Gordon, Philadelphia, Pa.
Charles Wright, Philadelphia, Pa.
George L. Hoxie, Ithaca, N. Y.
Charles P. Mays, Washington, D. C.
George F. Carter, Orange, N. J.
C. G. Rauch, Lebanon, Pa.
B. Frank Hand, Woodbury, N. J.
A. J. Lamborn, Philadelphia, Pa.
R. B. Jones, East Providence, R. I.
Dr. Robert G. Nolan, Bayonne, N. J.
Hiram Buckingham, Baltimore, Md.
James Morrison, Boston, Mass.
Frank Leonard, Norwalk, Ct.
George H. Morrison, New York, N. Y.
George F. McFarland, Harrisburg, Pa.
Mrs. George F. McFarland, Harrisburg, Pa.
Mrs. M. G. Norton, Stewartstown, Pa.
Frank Stone, Grafton, Mass.
Louis W. Klein, Keokuk, Ia.
Frank S. Allen, New York, N. Y.
W. H. Spooner, Boston, Mass.
D. B. Saxton, Philadelphia, Pa.
Edward Geach, Orange, N. J.
C. C. Morrison, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. J. Badgley, Quincy, Mich.
Stephen L. Selden, Duluth, Minn.
George S. Bowen, Elgin, Ill.
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The Home.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—The religious life may be developed independently of all our learning.

Mon.—Law without is only an echo of God's heart-beat within.

Tues.—The divine life is possible to every one of us.

Wed.—The best things are sure.

Thurs.—A life is rich in the proportion that it is deep.

Fri.—It is by the unfolding of faculties that all additions to life are received.

Sat.—The more powers we can have aroused in us, the better is it morally for the community.

—*T. Starr King.*

Pet.

Some years have passed since I was employed to conduct the school in the old weather-painted schoolhouse at the Cross Roads. It was in this place that I met the subject of my sketch. The schoolhouse seemed to be the nucleus around which the straggling little village had collected, and as it may be seen some fine September evening, as the fifty active boys and girls scatter in all directions on their homeward ways, one may well call it the center of life in the village.

It was a dismal, misty day in September when I came to this place, and it was with a feeling of homesickness that I rode through the one street of the village, past grocery store, tin-shop, shoe-shop, and into view of the noisy old grist-mill. My boarding place was the one really pretty place of the village, and my landlady, the very soul of hospitality, soon made me at home and welcome. The day after my arrival was Sunday, and a drizzling rain was falling. I sat in the pretty flower-filled south window, by turns reading and watching the drenched pedestrians go by to church. I had just fallen into a half doze, dimly conscious that some one was chattering in the kitchen, when I felt a little stir near me, glanced up, and beheld—Pet.

She was a tiny figure, clad in dark calico. The little slender face and form seemed a compromise between the round lines of developing childhood and the delicacy of a fragile constitution. Her crown of silky yellow hair brought to mind a metaphor of forgotten origin, "spun sunshine," and her sweet dark-circled eyes,—but I can not describe those eyes, those great, tender, yearning, blue eyes; their expression brings to mind some dreamy poetic touch of Moore, but I can not compare them to anything material.

I took the little maiden on my lap. We were fast friends from the first. By dint of questioning I soon drew from her much of the story of her life:

"My name's Pet Anderson. No'm, I haven't got any other. 'Cause Aunt says my mamma died 'fore she thought of one. So papa just called me Pet. 'Nd they put my mamma in a black box, 'n I saw 'em put it in the ground, 'n some flowers, too. No'm, I don't go to school, 'cause I'm too little, 'n it makes me sick. Yes'm, I play with Minnie Jones and her dollie, and some other little girls sometimes, but I don't much, 'cause Aunt says it makes me sick. Yes'm, I do get lonesome sometimes, but I didn't till my papa went away."

This was the beginning of a long friendship. Every evening, after the day's work was over, little Pet would come in. I would never hear her till she touched me, and this was always a signal to lay aside book or pen. Then the child would begin one of our long talks. I never could predict the subject of one of those talks. Sometimes it would be the stars, or where the sun went to every night, or whether the little birds ever felt bad and cried, or what mamma was doing up in heaven all the time, and whether the angels wouldn't make papa come home to see his little girl again. At other times she would weary of these fancies and beg for a story. She never listened to a story without telling one in return. Pet's stories were unique little productions, in which little sick girls, angels, giants, God and papa figured promiscuously. Sometimes they were original, but oftener they were fanciful variations (improvements usually) of those she had heard before.

Sometimes we would stroll out across the bridge, into the woods beyond the mill and gather flowers. Pet loved flowers. She was fondest of the little blue hypaticas, "'Cause they're so cold and 'fraid, and try to hide down there in the leaves behind the big trees."

She was not a trying child. She came and went so softly that one never dreaded her interruption to the most engrossing book. She called me "my teacher." Not that I taught her anything, far from it! That little pronoun was distinctly possessive, used with childish sense of private ownership. In our long walks and talks Pet was always teacher, and many a valued lesson I learned from the sunny-souled little maiden. How many sweet thoughts came to the child-mind of which I had never dreamed before! I used to sit and watch her, and try to fancy her grown to womanhood; but I never could succeed. It seemed as if the frail little form was never built for ordinary processes of growth. It was as though she possessed a larger, brighter spark of divine life than could develop in the feeble clay of her body.

I learned in time something of Pet's history. Her mother had died when Pet was little more than two years old, and the child clung to her father like the little tender, trusting thing she was. The father, however, soon gave her into the charge of an aunt, and, consoling Pet with the promise soon to return, had gone away to seek better fortunes in another State. Pet always believed he would return and talked incessantly of his coming; but Pet's aunt shook her head when I asked about it one night and showed me a certain ominous looking legal document in her Bible. By this paper Pet's father relinquished all rights to the guardianship of his child. Pet had been abandoned by the very object of her unfaltering trust.

(*To be Continued.*)

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The Sunday-School.

I.—THE RELIGION OF EGYPT.

LESSON III.

The Story of the Rosetta Stone.

What sacred literature was read and cherished?
Describe and give passages from the "Book of the Dead."
The nature of man and his duties.
The nature of the Supreme Deity, and the future life.
Can the different gods be best considered as independent beings, or as attributes or manifestations of one Supreme Being?

"In no language does the plural exist before the singular."—*Max Mueller.*

NOTES ON LESSON III.

The Rosetta stone found in 1799, and afterwards placed in the British Museum, is very celebrated for the part it has in Egyptology. It was found to bear an inscription in three languages or forms. First, there were hieroglyphics or picture writing; then the later Egyptian, or demotic characters; and finally Greek words. In 1822 Champollion had found what proved to be the key for unlocking the lost language and ancient literature of Egypt. Every letter we use is the mummy of a hieroglyphic inscription, we are told. Picture writing passed through the hieratic into phonetic (*ideas* embodied in *sounds*) 1300 to 1500 B. C.

The "Book of the Dead" (Lepsius), or "Funeral Ritual" (Champollion), is called "the Holy Scripture of the Egyptians" (Tiele). It consists of collections of sayings and inscriptions, gathered through centuries of time from many places. The Twin Papyrus contains 165 sections or chapters. (The Prisse Papyrus, called by Chabas "the oldest book in the world"—found at Thebes, now in Paris—dates from 2200 B. C.)

These writings, which contain sentiments and sayings older than the Pyramids, show us a prevailing regard for ethical and spiritual principles, far beyond any reverence for physical powers, or mere nature worship. Devotion and obedience to the wise and good God is enjoined,—to "the Almighty Power which is in Heaven." A hymn in the Leyden Museum calls him "the One of One,"—apparently a Supreme Unity between all divine manifestations.

The most ancient thought of immortality was that of a renewed life on the earth, or one like it. Later, there come conceptions much more exalted of life in distant realms, in Elysian fields, with the gods. The idea of divine retribution for sin in other worlds or in debased forms, was gradually developed.

"There is hardly a great and fruitful idea in the Jewish or Christian systems, which has not its analogy in the Egyptian faith."—*J. P. Mahaffy.*

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Publisher's Notes.

To my Friends the Readers of Unity:—

The fall campaign in church work for those of us who have churches to work in, and individual work for freedom, fellowship, and character for those of us who have no churches, is now fairly beginning. I am closing my ninth year of work in trying to extend the word of UNITY's editors to a wider circle of readers and helpers. It has been in a certain sense uphill work all the time: there has never been a month that the paper has had two hundred dollars of reserve capital to draw on. And yet it has kept on growing. The first year after I became the business agent of UNITY the total number of copies circulated in twelve months was 38,400. For the year just closing the total number circulated will be at least 420,000, and I hope to make it rather more. Part of the increase is of course due to the change from a semi-monthly to a weekly, but the regular *minimum* issue has increased from 1,600 semi-monthly in 1883 to 8,000 weekly in 1891.

All this has been accomplished by slow, painstaking work on the part of a great many outside of this office as well as a few inside. With the exception of one memorable concerted effort in 1889, when the price of UNITY was reduced to a dollar and the subscripion list doubled, it has all been done by slow degrees.

With the increase of the weekly to 8,000 and the engagement of an assistant editor, the necessary outlay on UNITY week by week was increased, and a further growth in the subscription list is necessary if UNITY is to take no backward step. This is the time of year to take hold of the matter, and a few weeks' careful attention to it on the part of our readers everywhere will put the future of UNITY beyond a doubt.

Last week I referred to the generous offer of Mr. E. P. Powell which enables us to use LIBERTY AND LIFE as a help in extending UNITY's word. Dr. C. T. Stockwell has made a similar gift of the copyright of THE EVOLUTION OF IMMORTALITY, a book which the *Literary World* calls "one of the most suggestive and best developed essays on personal immortality which later years have produced."

The offer which I made in the second column of this page last week still holds good, and as an alternative offer, I will mail Dr. Stockwell's book, bound in cloth, to any UNITY subscriber who sends me a new name for a year with one dollar or ten trial names for ten weeks with one dollar.

One other offer I will also make on LIBERTY AND LIFE, which I hope will be of special interest to friends isolated in communities where there are but few liberals.

For fifty cents I will send UNITY ten weeks to five new names, and a paper copy of LIBERTY AND LIFE.

I am always glad to send a package of sample copies of UNITY for distribution wherever I am assured that they will be used. I wish next week's mail might bring a thousand such requests. Experience has shown that nothing prepares the way for a liberal church in a new town more effectively than a thorough introduction of UNITY to the thinking people of the town.

In towns where churches are already established, the circulation of UNITY is practically at the mercy of the minister. I acknowledge with grateful thanks the effective work that many of the most successful ministers in our fellowship have done for UNITY: if all the churches were as liberally sprinkled with UNITY as are Hartford and Worcester in the East and Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids in the West, there would be less need of such an appeal as I am making now.

I referred last week to a three-column review of LIBERTY AND LIFE in the Philadelphia *Sunday Item*, and now I will redeem my promise by quoting from it.

"Dr. Powell's volume overflows with eloquence and common sense.

"If we had more who possessed the ability to write on religion as he does, there would be far less bigotry.

"It is a relief to read Dr. Powell's words after the usual stereotyped rubbish that comes from the majority of so-called ministers." . . .

"His ideas are of the broadest kind. He does not hesitate to speak plainly. Everything he says has common sense for its basis. He brushes aside the cobwebs of superstition and bigotry and laughs at them." . . .

"Dr. Powell is, we suspect, a few years in advance of a great number of the people. But we advise every one to read 'Liberty and Life,' and they will certainly agree with us that it is a remarkable book—one that ought to attract universal attention."

I need hardly add that the Philadelphia editor's advice is eminently sound. Remember that for a dollar with a *new* subscription to UNITY, I send a cloth copy or two paper copies of LIBERTY AND LIFE as a premium.

One announcement which I have to make as treasurer of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society may come in appropriately in this column. The Sunday-school lessons prepared by Rev. J. C. Learned, and printed on the seventh page of UNITY, are also supplied in leaflet form at 50 cents a hundred for the use of schools. The following Sunday-schools have already sent in their orders for the weekly lessons: St. Louis (Unity church), Chicago (All Souls church), Middleboro, Greeley, Rochester, Menomonie, Hinsdale, Sheffield, Geneseo, Sioux City, Winchester, Davenport, Janesville, Berlin, Mass., Grand Rapids and Hillside. Sixteen is not bad for a beginning, but the number ought to be doubled inside a week.

C. H. K.

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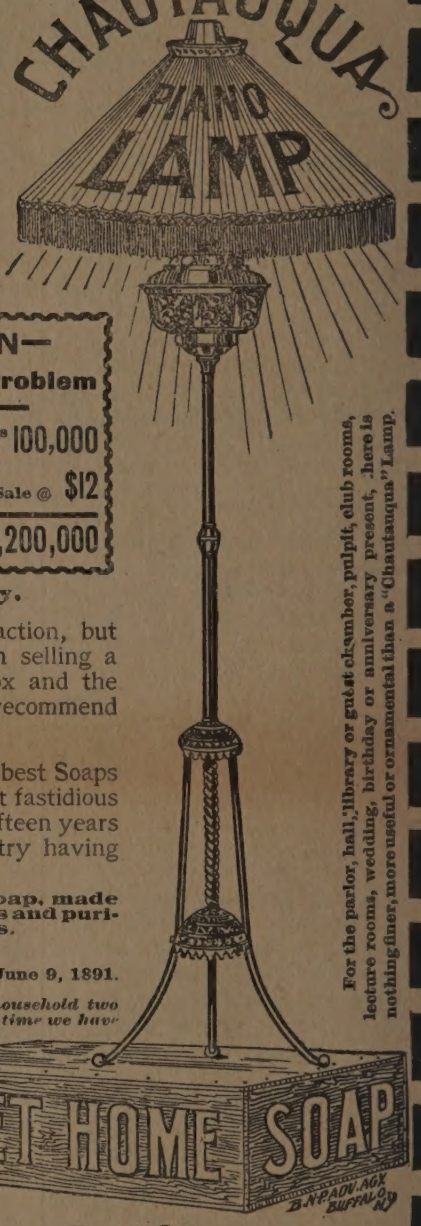

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